The Bystander, February 2, 1921. No. 896. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER

BY NORMAN KEENE

MR. USUAL FEATURE TO MISS RIVIERA:—

"Pleased, indeed, to be associated with you. Thought *I* was always pretty cheery and bright, but your sunny appearance in this issue quite puts me in the shade!"

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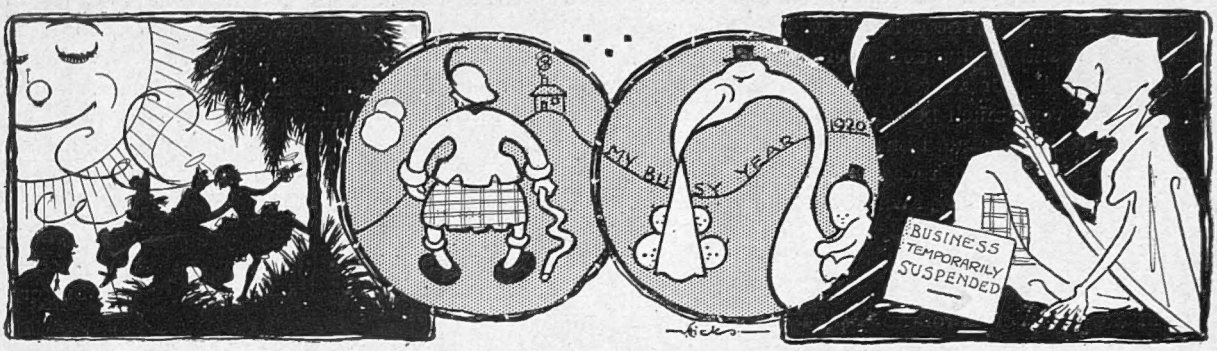


THE RIVIERA'S REVELLING IN SUNSHINE AND SMILES — SIR-R HARRY'S BACK SO IT APPEARS — MORE BABIES HAVE BEEN BORN THAN EVER BEFORE — WHILE THE DEATH RATE'S THE LOWEST FOR YEARS

By Victor Hicks

The Riviera

THE Riviera! What a world of wonder this "narrow strip of coast" stands for, especially to northerners like ourselves, denied the sun at this season of the year and condemned to dreary, ever-changing weather. True, we have some "narrow strips" of our own dotted here and there in some fortunate spots; but the charm of *the* Riviera lies not only in its sunshine, but in the change involved by going among a people absolutely different from ourselves, and speaking a language different from our own. In this number I have set forth for my readers all the varied aspects of the life of the Riviera towns. That makes me regret all the more that I myself may not bask in their charm.

Restaurant Shortcomings

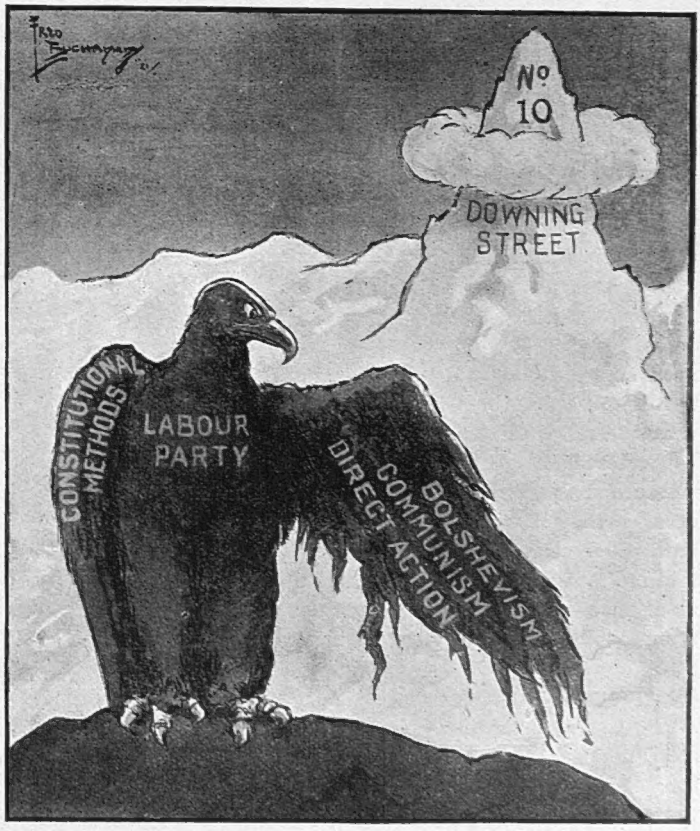
NOT long ago it was practically impossible to get a table for luncheon or dinner in any West End restaurant unless you had engaged one well beforehand, or were content to wait until more thoughtful people had finished their meal. But recently the falling off of custom in these places has been a matter of very general comment. I hope this may have a good effect—and soon, for I think most regular users of West End restaurants will agree with me that both during the War, and since, these restaurants have made their prices unduly high, and, in too many cases, have lowered the standard of food, cooking, and service to a much greater extent then has been really necessary.

Spoilt by the War

IN quite early days the regular, old customers, or such of them as perforce remained in London, were severely disregarded. A new, and very numerous and very profitable, class of customer suddenly sprang into being. The young officer, in training or on leave, came to Town in constant relays. His pay may not have been very great, but in camp or at the Front, it accumulated, and when he came to Town for three or four or ten or twelve days, he had a pocket full of money. He spent it with both hands—and who shall blame him? He never knew when or whether he would ever have a chance to dine in Town, or anywhere else on this earth, again. Restaurants that had been but wonderful names to him, became his regular resort.

A Foolish Decree

AND what was the result? I think it is universally admitted now that in those days "anything" at theatre or music-hall would "go." It was much the same at the restaurants. Shocked, goodness knows why, at these lads and young men lunching and dining themselves as well as their little experience allowed them to, the authorities decreed that no officer in uniform should pay more than a certain



By Fred Buchanan

A MATTER OF A "PINION"

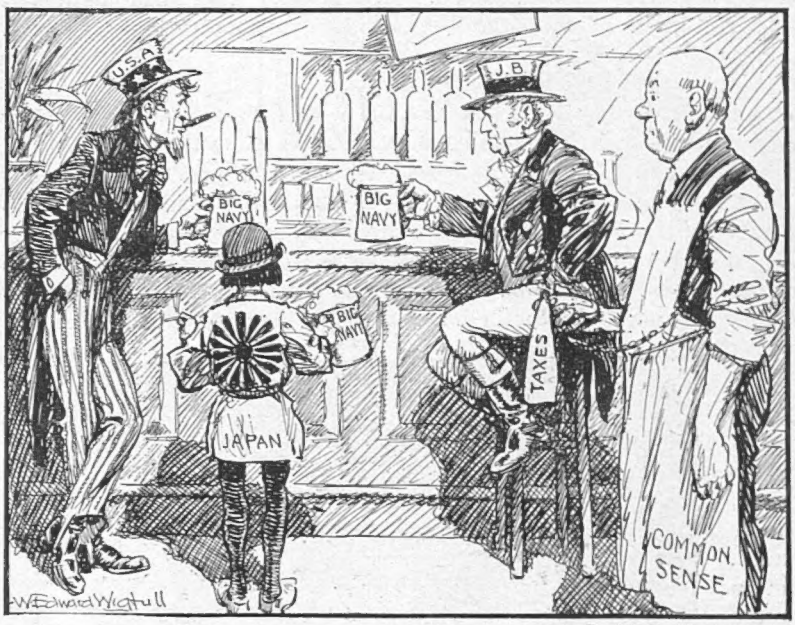
THE EAGLE: "I don't think I'll "ever rest" on that peak until I get a new *good* left-wing!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

price for luncheon or dinner in a public restaurant. I forget the sum—it was about enough for *hors d'œuvres* for two. There never was such a farce. The soldier simply handed over his money to a civilian, and he, or very often she, paid the bill. It had been very much better if to every restaurant there had been appointed an experienced diner with full powers to see that these fine young fellows got value for their money, whatever they cared to spend.

Spoilt by Profiteers

BEFORE this very profitable class of custom was exhausted, another and even more profitable one came into existence, and lasted longer. Who can say exactly who or what they were? Beyond the fact that they had obviously made money during the War, and, presumably, out of it, they were absolute strangers to the old frequenters of the restaurants which they now overflowed. They were



By W. E. Wigfull

10 P.M.
"Time, Gentlemen, please"

even less critical and more extravagant, because better off, than the boys in khaki. One could see that the more they paid for a thing the more they appreciated it, and for that very reason I know one restaurant which, in order to conserve a small stock of a certain liqueur, three times raised the price, until the figure was really ridiculous. The head waiter told me that with each rise in price the demand went up at once—the greatest increase in demand following immediately upon the greatest increase in price.

No Money Now!

THESE extraordinary people now seem to have changed their mode of living. Perhaps they have got tired of paying forty-five shillings for a bottle of champagne, or nine to twelve for a bottle of red wine worth, even to-day, not more than five; they may have realised that there is little savour in a melon that has been on ice for a couple of weeks, but which seemed good just because it was costly; or perhaps they have spent all their money. But it seems as though there may again be a chance for the people who know how to order a good meal, who know how to judge it when it's served, and who also know what it is fairly worth, once more to return to their restaurants, and revive the noble art of dining therein. It depends upon the restaurants. Before leaving the subject, I would just mention a few of the petty meannesses that even the best and most expensive restaurants were guilty of long after there was any excuse for them in such places—I will only say three words—matches, sugar, butter,

What is the "Oxford Accent"?

JUST what is it that is known as the "Oxford accent"? I read in a morning paper that the Prince of Wales articulates his words "with a precision that would do credit to an actor." So far, I agree. But the writer goes on to say, "Curiously, there is not a trace of what is known as the 'Oxford accent' in the Prince's speech." Why "curiously"? And what is this "Oxford accent"? I have had the privilege, and the pleasure, of talking at length with the Prince of Wales. I noticed no accent, Oxford or anything else. He spoke exactly as you would expect a well-born, cultured Englishman to do. Why should he have an "Oxford accent" any more than a Scotch or Irish, or a Lancashire or Yorkshire one? Nor do I believe in this alleged "Oxford accent." I have heard a variety of accents in Oxford—those that I have mentioned and many others, including American, French, Hindoo and Japanese, to mention a few. Of course, an "accent" may have grown up since my time, but I have not noticed it in any of my young friends, all of whom are as free from it as the Prince of Wales. Perhaps they are not in the right "set." Ghastly thought!

Wanted—A Pulpit Humorist

I FEAR the Bishop of St. Albans is asking for too much. He says he wants to see people laughing in St. Alban's Abbey, and asks why people should not laugh in church. Why, indeed? But does the Bishop know, I wonder, what a good laugh producer can command in the way of salary? For a Cathedral you would naturally expect someone of the standing of Mr. George Robey, or Mr. George Graves, Mr. Leslie Henson, or Little Tich, to mention only a few. I very much doubt if any Cathedral could afford any one of them. And I do not believe that there is a man who can raise three good laughs in twenty minutes that would accept the pay of the average parson. I should like to hear what Dean Inge has to say on this matter of merriment in church.

On the Riviera

By Rose Le Quesne

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

When a "Ball" Can be a Nuisance

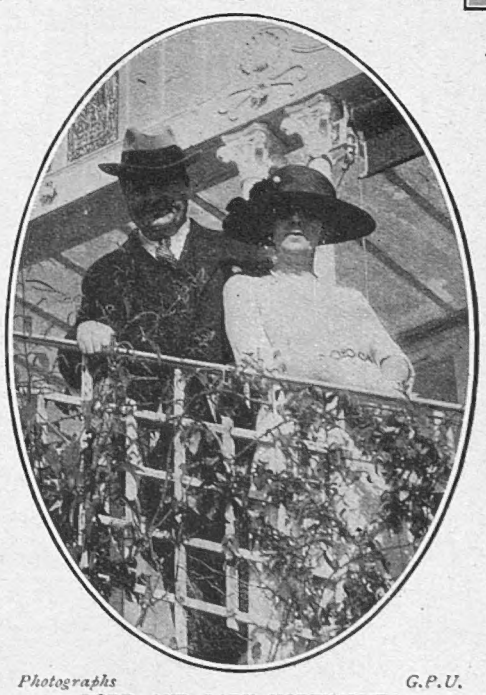
Although London seems to be emptying almost as completely as in a July, with everybody who can get away fleeing to the South—if it is only for ten days or a fortnight—there are still some gaieties toward on a small scale. But the recent experience of a kindly host and hostess is sufficiently annoying to make people hesitate to embark on the simplest entertaining.

This kindly couple were giving a small dinner-party, eight, I believe, all told, including themselves. At the eleventh hour the hostess thought it would be rather fun to dance after dinner, so she asked a few people whom she chanced to meet to come in about nine, and rang up a few more on the telephone. The rugs in the drawing-room were rolled up, the furniture pushed on one side, and they danced for a couple of hours or so to the piano. There were a round dozen or so of couples.

The next day, at his club, the host was greatly perplexed when a friend said, "I see you had a ball last night. I think you might have asked me. Very shabby to leave me out!" The host explained they had only had a "little kick-up." Whereupon the friend showed him a morning paper, in which was a glowing account of "a ball" given by himself and his wife the night before. This particular friend was not the only aggrieved person amongst their acquaintance, both masculine and feminine. It was even more annoying, as all the world knows that, like most folk, they have been badly hit by the War, and, of course, all their friends wondered "how they had managed to do it."

It is quite bad enough not to be able to afford to give balls, but for a newspaper to announce that you have given one is rubbing in both pepper and vinegar.

LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS
And her daughter, Rosemary, watching a lawn tennis match



Photographs G.P.U.
LORD AND LADY NORTHCLIFFE
At the beautiful Villa Roquebrune, near Cap Martin. Photographed immediately after Lord Northcliffe had been reported as dead by an enterprising French newspaper

Ruffles at Cannes

The new Casino at Cannes is not altogether popular with what are called the "old residents." Cannes has always been, as it were, the Berkeley Square of the Riviera, the *locale* for the continuation of the pleasant and intimate society whose doors are closed to the "society reporter," and which, despite the many changes of to-day, is still to be found in London, and is at its best in certain great country houses.

In pre-War days the cynical used to say, "If you want fun you go to Nice. If you want to

RUSSIAN REFUGEES

Maximilian Philoneka and his wife who, having escaped from the Bolshevists, have turned their hands to goat-farming a beautiful orange-grove and vineyard overlooking Mentone. Formerly he served under Kerensky as High Commissioner of the army

ON THE RIVIERA (continued)

gamble you go to Monte Carlo. If you want to gamble and want to pretend that you don't, you go to Mentone. If you want to be dull and thoroughly respectable you go to Cannes."

There are still a sufficient number of the "Old Guard" left in Cannes to whom the opening of the Casino is as startling and uprooting as the creation of such an establishment would be to the oldest maiden inhabitant of Leamington or Torquay. But times *are* changing, and all the grandmothers and great-aunts are so young nowadays.

Matrons and Maidens Beware!

MATRONS and maids who have the felicity of being on the Riviera, or of being about to go, *méfiez-vous* of smart young men who "offer their services" for a dance—that is, unless you want to pay for a partner. The whole point lies in the "offering" of "services." It seems to be the indication that the offerer is a professional dancer who will send you his bill in the morning.

Garlicy "Eat-Places"

PRICES are certainly leading old *hivernants* to fresh undiscovered joys, and the indigenous restaurant frequented by the aborigines of Nice is becoming a haven of the swagger hungry. Lobster, truffles, and other intimate delights of the epicurean are forsaken for the humbler native *bouillabaisse*, that delicious fish chowder of Marseilles, and the smartest folk and the most exquisite are driven to this wholesome diet because they just can't stick the "hands-up" charges of the *restaurateurs*. Besides, in these clean, quiet, and garlicy "eat-places" you get the genuine, perspiring waiter who cannot be convinced that there is any difference between a face towel and a serviette. He is an attraction, too.

Photographs G. I. U.

"TAKING THE PALM"—FOR PRETTINESS

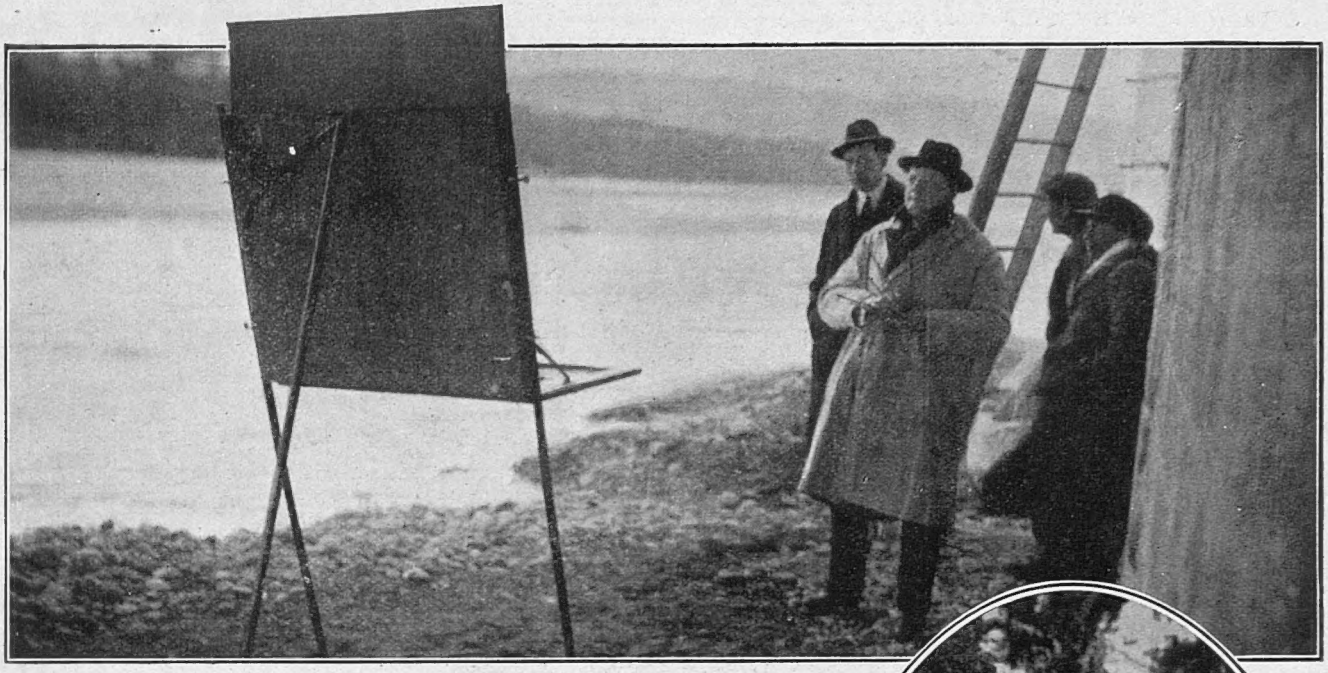
Lord Bateman's beautiful little daughter is having the time of her life on the Riviera. Monica finds her father a very indulgent nurse

LAWN TENNIS "LIONS"

Caught, for the moment, out of action at Cannes, left to right: The Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, Mr. G. M. Simond (the well-known and highly popular referee), Tom Fleming (the professional attached to the Beau Site Courts), and Mr. Gordon Lowe (who has been carrying all before him in Singles)

The "Cuisine" of the Peerage

THERE are the Lyceum and the Riviera Clubs at Nice; the Ladies' Club opened at Cannes last week. Grand Dukes and Royal Princes assisted. Among the quieter titles present were Field-Marshal Lord French, Constance Duchess of Westminster, General Arthur Paget, Lady Wavertree,



WINSTON WITH HIS "WAISTCOAT-POCKET" EASEL

Mr. Winston Churchill recently spent some time painting *Le Pont du Var*, adjoining the Nice Racecourse. Some Italian workmen mistook him for a spy. We trust his real identity was soon disclosed to them

Princess Hatzfeldt, Lord and Lady Orr-Lewis, and Lord and Lady Neuman. But how tame are Field-Marshals, Duchesses, and mere Lords at Cannes. They secure the very *cuisine* of the Peerage there.

All Sports

THE Egyptian dinner at the Ambassadeurs Restaurant was carried out with remarkable detail. I do not mean that there was an *entrée* of truffled mummery, but the Poiret costumes and disguises were at once historical and attractive. The Songs of France dinner was unique. They have ideas at Cannes and so much wealth, too—which sounds contradictory; but the whole Riviera is a social paradox—Society standing on its head to attract attention. There has been great activity at the Golf Club at Mandelieu. Two sporting holes, added lately, are near to the sea. And hard by, at the Polo Club, practice games have begun. The Carlton Lawn Tennis International closed just recently, when the "crush" of Cannes put in an overdressed appearance, more to be seen than to watch the open finals. The ubiquitous Suzanne defeated Miss Ryan, and in the Mixed Doubles she and Francis beat Miss Ryan and Lowe.

ON THE MENTONE PROMENADE

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart., and Mrs. Harry de Windt taking advantage of the morning sunshine. Mrs. de Windt, as is well known, is the wife of the famous explorer

Photographs] KODAKED 'MIDST THE ORANGE GROVES *[G. P. U.*

The Consul-General of Lyons and his wife with their son in the gardens of the Winter Palace, Mentone. Mr. F. E. Drummond-Hay, M.V.O., suffered terrible treatment from the Germans at the beginning of the war, while a prisoner. Mrs. Drummond-Hay is an M.B.E.

Royalty en exil

QUEEN AMÉLIE and ex-King Manoel, with his Queen, have just arrived. Daudet might have written a new *Rois en Exil* at Cannes, or, better still, a tale about "*Tristes* Millionaires at Play."

When Winston Works

YES, we've all seen Winston. He's not painted Nice red, but he did paint. It reminds one of Dante's "Madonna"—Raphael's "Sonnet"; but one must not

ON THE RIVIERA (concluded)

quote Browning — it's too much like being in England when April's there. The Minister of War is pale. I saw him under the arches posed as the Corot of the period, painting. His care-worn face looked like the bottom of a white elephant's foot. I stood next him at the Gallery Lafayette, where they sell corsets and the *mode*.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER
Who is wintering on the Riviera at Monte Carlo

Becoming Blasé

ONE gets used to this sort of thing. Lady Northcliffe at Técla's Lina Cavalieri at Vogade's. Winston passes *en auto*—as George Eliot said of Savonarolao, "it was like the passing of a great Waste!" "Winston paints," screams the local head-line. So do the professional dancers.

Sarcastic Sarah

'THE Comédie Française!" It is here! As Owen Seaman once wrote of Marie Corelli —and Christmas—"Noël, Noël. What recollections, what sentiments the word awakens—it is the French for Christmas!" The Français—it is the French for drama! The advent of these great artistes is like the arrival of the Established Church in our midst. Critics are blindly mad about them. After all, everybody knows that the best acting in France is not at the "Comédie." Their greatest and latest critic is Sarah Bernhardt herself. Passing recently the "Comédie" in Paris with Marguerite Moreno (whose hands are reputed the most perfect in Europe), Sarah saw a big crowd waiting at the stage door.

"What are all those people doing there?" she asked.

Photographs *E. Navello*

PRINCE GENNARO DE BOURBON
And his brother, Prince Philippe de Bourbon, watching the pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo

"*Ils attendent les artistes de la Comédie Française. . . .*"

"*Pour les tuer?*" asked the illustrious *tragédienne!!!*

Criticism can go no further

At the Races

THE races du Var:

"*Ça va bien quand il fait beau,*
Mais quand il tourne de la pluie,
on est mouillé jusqu'aux os."

The races at Nice are in full swing. Ladies dressed as for summer. The *pesage* is a boudoir and the *pelouse* is a *salon*. One longs for the horsey odours of Ascot and Goodwood. Women, not horses, are the attraction here. It may be pretty, but you can't run motors with even the latest creations of Houbigant and Coty.

Wonderful Riviera

"AN exceptional season!" they say, when the icy winds do blow along this cerulean coast. You can complain about the weather, but the native will always assure you he's never seen anything like it for twenty years. Next winter he'll be saying the same thing. The Riviera is an achievement in sheer fiction, but romance has produced nothing so charming at so big a price.

Photograph] SOCIETY ESCAPES FROM THE MADDING CROWD *[Alfieri*

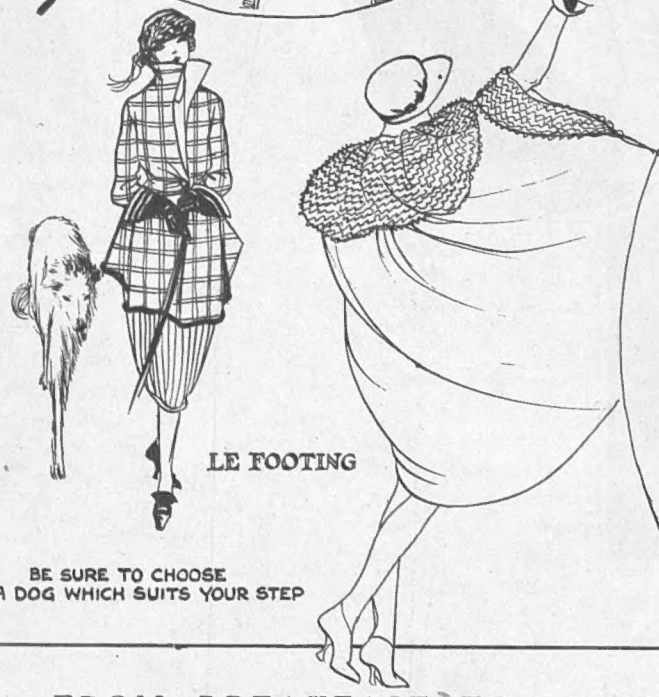
A view of the popular Promenade des Anglais, Nice, which rather suggests that the "madding crowd" has migrated, too

On the Côte d'Azur

LE GOLF AND HORSEBACK

THE "APÉRITIF" AT NOON

MONTE CARLO
ON THE CASINO TERRACE



LE FOOTING

BE SURE TO CHOOSE
A DOG WHICH SUITS YOUR STEP

THE FLOWER STALL

FROM BREAKFAST TO LUNCH

Impressions by our Artist on the spot

BY ELSA COURLANDER

Riviera Shows et Autres Choses

WHAT Paris was thirty-forty years ago, so Versailles is to-day. The charm, the comforts, the repose, the romance, and the attractive inconveniences of Paris before the American "invasion" still exist in the modern town of the *grand Monarque*. And what the theatre was in Paris four decades back so it is now in Nice, where in the general shuffle of an extreme cosmopolitanism and an excessive modernity, the play and opera houses maintain a special old-time character, uniquely French and curiously unprovincial. So ever in France we find survivals of the fittest.

AT Nice we get a varied effort both in drama and opera. The great artistes do not come here numerously, but the sincere players are many, and they bring a healthy *répertoire*, covering much that is best in dramatic literature. There is no experimentalism, no rash up-to-datedness, no Cézanne, no Pisaro, no Gordon Craig, no Gémier. It is all straightforward and refreshing in this Riviera atmosphere of artificiality and affectation where the theatre is wholesomely old-fashioned and yet abreast of the times. They do their own classics with slavish adherence to tradition. No Reinhardt has upset their precedents. "Horrible!" almost shrieked Sarah Bernhardt when I asked her recently what she thought of that Teuton's *Œdipus*, which Sir Martin Harvey gave us long ago at Covent Garden.

THE Comédie Française is with us. This is no place to say sarcastic things about the national players, but their present institution was not the best item of the Napoleonic Code. As artists they are hampered by it — as, for instance, when De Max is cast for the Baron de Horn in *Le Prince D'Aurec*, or Cécile Sorel, though beautiful, is playing in *L'Étincelle*. The State-controlled theatre is never exactly pleasant. Roumania's entrance into the War undoubtedly sent De Max to the Français, and politics influence the positions of ladies there.

MLLE. LYLIA EYMERY

An exquisite dancer at the Municipal Casino at Nice, where the art of the ballet is uninfluenced by Sweden, Russia or Honolulu

ZORAH DORBY

Who is well known in Nice for her intensive acting, combined with a wonderful voice

Photograph] MME. BARTEL [*Wyndham*

Who is appearing with the Comédie Française Company for the season. Mme. Bartel is an Officer of the Légion d'Honneur and a popular figure in French theatrical life

DISILLUSION your histrionic prejudices that the French stage is compact of bedroom incidents and unsavoury *roués*, for it is not; in fact, I think London at one period got such material into its current drama even more frequently than did Paris. But, as you no longer judge the French by Paris, so you do not now judge the French drama by the Parisian stage; where the light spectacle with unmerited publicity almost obscures the best theatrical effort.

WE have had almost every type of play here this season. Always French; the foreign author is not, evidently,

(Continued on page 230)

In the House of Dreams—and Nightmares

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

SHE: "I dreamt of the most wonderful system last night"
HE: "Really, and when do you wake up?"

RIVIERA SHOWS (concluded)

recognised as worth while. I am glad. It may be insular, but it gives the French player the chance to know definitely what he is doing. I once saw Shakespeare played at Nice—truly I've never seen it done worse at Stratford - on - Avon. So long as it sticks to its own guns—namely, plays in French for French actors and French audiences—Nice is bound to be unique in the theatre of France, and will give the visitor from abroad the very best treat he can have on the Riviera.

MARION MAY
Who has been busy filming on the Riviera in one of Phillips Oppenheim's sensational novels

Filming on the Riviera

THE filming folk have already been many on this coral strand this season. Certainly they were badly advised, for it is a tradition, and, alas! a fact, that you do not get famous weather down here till after Carnival. One company of shadow artists got water seven days out of thirty-five for "shooting." With a big company and expensive hotels this would spell disaster if the public were not eventually made to pay. In photography, even when days are bright, there is often here a despoiling mist to contend with. There is also the attitude—social, perhaps — of the French authorities and French society toward the "moving" artist. The actor they tolerate, and on occasion condescendingly receive, but the film is yet regarded as the medium of the rogue and vagabond, and the difficulties are too frequently great which beset filming projects in this conventional and cautious country.

Photographs *E. Navello*
IN THE GLORIOUS SUNSHINE
Gertie Millar (on left) and Eileen Molyneux "snapped" while walking on the promenade. They have both been appearing in films at Nice

THE exterior scenes of a scenario by Oppenheim have been in the making here recently. Off in the country by villa and high-road all went smoothly enough, when the sun was accommodating, but when crowds of visitors were perforce held up on the Promenade des Anglais the difficulties of the producers were almost insurmountable, but the good-natured attitude of the visitors to this most fashionable resort was certainly a tribute to the tactful manner in which the company conducted its work.

NICE alone held no monopoly of their labours, the Hotel Metropole at Monte Carlo was on three occasions the scene of their activities, and the management were called upon to supply lunch for fifty guests in scenes necessary to their story.

THE CALL OF THE CAMERA
In spite of several "rainy days" the wonderful light on the Côte d'Azur affords excellent conditions for filming and consequently the Riviera has been overflowing with actors and actresses engaged in completing the exterior scenes of "The Mystery Road," by Phillips Oppenheim. Among the group may be recognised Mary Glynne, her husband Dennis Neilson Terry, and Miss Ruby Miller. Most of the artistes have now returned to London to finish the film

Roulette's Rival

BY HELEN McKIE

DANCING ON THE RIVIERA

Lunch dances, tea dances, dinner dances, and supper dances. Not even the lure of the tables can tear people away from the "fascination of the floor." In the centre sketch can be seen typical Nice habitués of the Casino, on the right a Monte Carlo cameo. There is a lot of difference, of course!

The Dance Germ on the Riviera

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

The Riviera

THERE is a distinct shortage of dancing-men down here so far. Lots of golfers and tennis-players and motorists and gamblers and devotees of dawn-life, but not by any means enough men to go round the floor and the ladies.

Perhaps a truer way of putting it is to say that there is a glut of the latter. Two to one, at least, at the average hotel, and a remarkable number of the fair ones unattached and approaching the dangerous age.

That, in point of fact, is the most striking feature of Riviera life so far this year—the number of gay and monied ones, dating from the 'eighties, or thereabouts, who have either been sent here by their husbands, or who have snapped their dazzle fingers at the latter, or who have never gone in for husbands, or who have judicially dispensed with same.

The *Merveilleuses* are principally English, American, and Scandinavian, and their motto is "keep moving." I have never seen such restless females. At early morn they tear off up the mountains or along the Littoral, or else concentrate on shopping till lunch.

And what shopping! The entire Rue de la Paix seems to have been transferred here, and *La Belle Dame Sans Mari* thinks nothing of a hat at a couple of thousand francs or a gown at five or a pearl at ten thousand. She reckons it out in sterling or in dollars or in kronen, and says: "Well, I haven't had a good time since '14."

. . . . .

The afternoon she may spend at baccara—you can always tell when she has lost, because her mouth twitches at dinner — or dancing, the evening at the opera, or dancing. Always dancing. The germ from Florida seems to be specially virulent in all Riviera women born about the early 'eighties.

But where to get the men? For the *Merveilleuses* refuse to be wall-flowers. To sit still while an Hawaiian band screams and wails—that is just about too much strain upon the nerves. It might be possible in London; it cannot be done in a place where the climate gets into your blood, as on the Riviera.

With eye alert the unattached one scans the room. That one is too old That one too fat. That one's engaged. That one won't look at me. That one dances atrociously. That one drinks.

The *maître d'hôtel* serves madame with something cooling with a straw. And looks at madame.

"Would madame care to dance? There is a gentleman over there who would like to dance with madame."

Smiles, bows, a presentation, and waists are clasped—all in a couple of seconds.

An hour sails by. Madame must go. The stranger bows his leave. The bill is brought. It gives even madame a quick intake of the breath. For an item *en supplement* runs thus: "Monsieur X. Six dances. Two hundred francs."

. . . . .

Professional partners, as distinct from professional dancers, are now an accepted feature of Riviera life, and the *Merveilleuses* expect to find them at restaurant and Casino just as they find Pommery and *pâté de foie gras*. It is even possible that next year the gentlemen will be duly listed in vintage formation with details of pedigree and past life. . . .

Sometimes, however, there occurs a hitch—as at one super-hotel where a millionairess, dating from about the 'seventies, attempted to reserve the exclusive services of one of the professional dancers attached to the establishment.

After a time the manager protested, then dismissed the dancer. This annoyed the *Merveilleuse*. She offered, if necessary, to buy the hotel, but her dancing-man must return. (Incidentally, the dancing-man was very anxious to return, since he was getting a thousand francs a dance.) No. It could not be done. The manager was adamant on the point.

"Very well," quoth the *Merveilleuse*. "Kindly reserve a suite from to-day for Monsieur" (naming her dancing man).

At last I am learning!

FERDINAND TUOHY

BY ALBERT BAILEY

A CHOICE VINTAGE

SHE (*soulfully*): "Love ees ze champagne of life, m'sieu!"

HE (*wearily*): "And most of the bottles are corked, mam'selle!"

THE STERN ECONOMIST

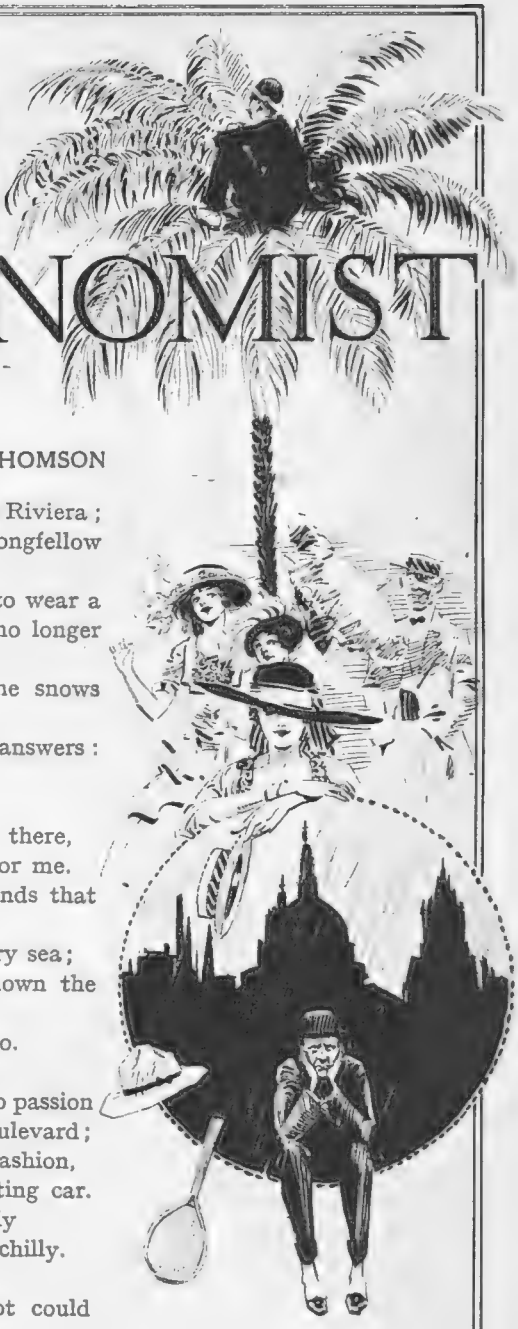
BY A. A. THOMSON

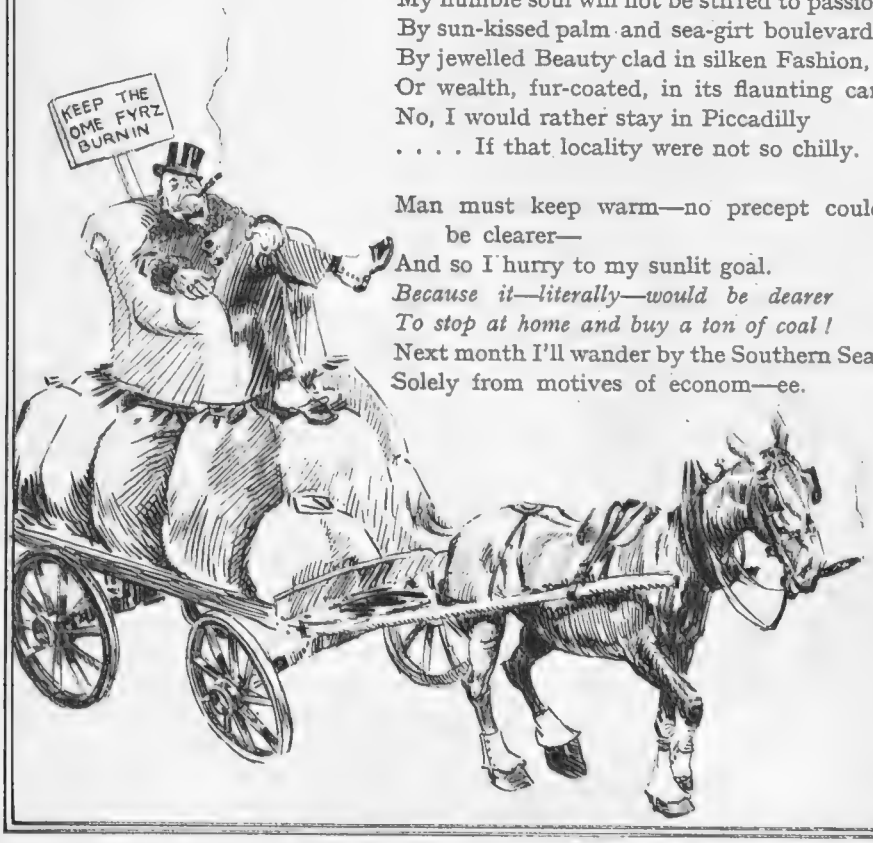
I START to-morrow night for the Riviera;
I've packed my grip (as Longfellow would say);
E'en now my homely face begins to wear a
Grim look which says: "I must no longer stay."
This question haunts me 'mid the snows of Jan.
"Where *can* I go?" And echo answers: "Cannes."

It is not that I really want to go there,
The Azure Coast has no delights for me.
I yearn not for the soft, sweet winds that blow there,
Nor crave for golden shore or silvery sea;
And pouring hard-earned francs down the Casino
Is hardly my conception of a beano.

My humble soul will not be stirred to passion
By sun-kissed palm and sea-girt boulevard;
By jewelled Beauty clad in silken Fashion,
Or wealth, fur-coated, in its flaunting car.
No, I would rather stay in Piccadilly
. . . . If that locality were not so chilly.

Man must keep warm—no precept could be clearer—
And so I hurry to my sunlit goal.
Because it—literally—would be dearer
To stop at home and buy a ton of coal!
Next month I'll wander by the Southern Sea,
Solely from motives of econom—ee.





HOWARD K. ELCOCK

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

The League of Notions

AT THE NEW OXFORD

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

STRICTLY speaking, of course, I ought to be on the Riviera, bronzing myself in the southern sun, or being done equally brown at the tables. I had five convincing arguments to show the Editor why I should be sent south; and he had not a single argument to the contrary. Yet I am still in London. People who have no sense of logic (not that I wish to mention any names, of course) are, I suppose, like the ladies. They always get the best of you in debate, whether they are right or wrong. On the other hand, if I had been out of Town I should have been obliged to defer my visit to the New Oxford Theatre, and I know now that I should have missed a very remarkable experience. Mr. Cochran's *League of Notions* easily beats, for sheer magnificence, anything I have seen on the London stage. To describe it adequately, I think you would want to pick all the complimentary superlatives out of the dictionary and drop them into the linotype machine by the shovelful.

THE Revue opens with a theatre manager in a fog trying to find a plot. Pierrot and Columbine lead him to a philosophic tailor who is patching a cloak that makes the outstanding supremacy in colour-work of Joseph's coat a very near thing. The tailor protests that it is not a new plot that is wanted, since any old plot does for a revue, provided, of course, that they have a scene with a bed in it. And then the stage becomes gradually crowded with beautiful girls representing Music and Dance and Youth, and all the other ingredients of a popular show. Right from the commencement the lavishness of mounting becomes evident. The frocks of the girls are rich and beautiful to a degree, and they are not the kind of things that could have been picked up at the January sales either! I don't believe you could see anything more dazzling on the Promenade des Anglais on a fine afternoon, so that after all I haven't missed much by not being sent to the Riviera.

THE charming Dolly Sisters are well to the foreground at an early stage of the proceedings with their playful duet, the chorus of which is merely a conjugation of the verb "to love." Then without any warning we drift into a scene showing the tragedy of the house-hunter. The Husband is pushing a truck containing his household goods, which seem to be limited to a mattress and a hip-bath, while the Wife and the two children drag their weary steps along in the rear of the procession. But it is the old sad story. Just as negotiations for a flat are being concluded the caretaker sees the children, and regrets that they don't have that sort of thing about the place nowadays. After many disappointments, the Husband takes the only practical course open to the modern flat hunter. He just shoots the confounded children and then hurries inside to sign the agreement. It seems the only way.

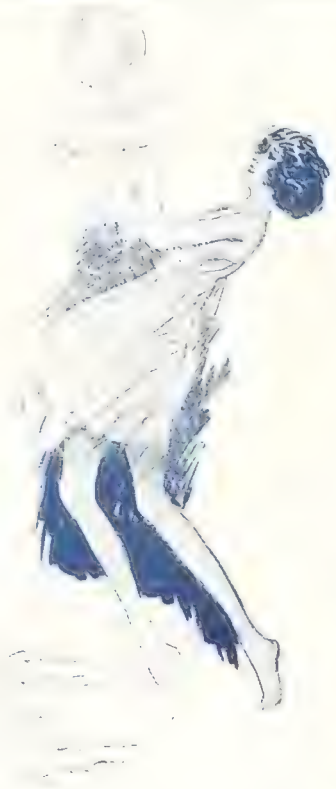
THEN we glide into a gorgeous scene in which the Dolly Sisters are seen in the company of a number of handsome and intelligent collie dogs. This may or may not be part of the plot discovered by the theatre manager in a fog, but anyway it gives us another splash of beauty and ingenious humour. Then we come to a very pretty scene founded on

(Continued on page 236)

N - I - C - E

(Whichever way you like to pronounce it)

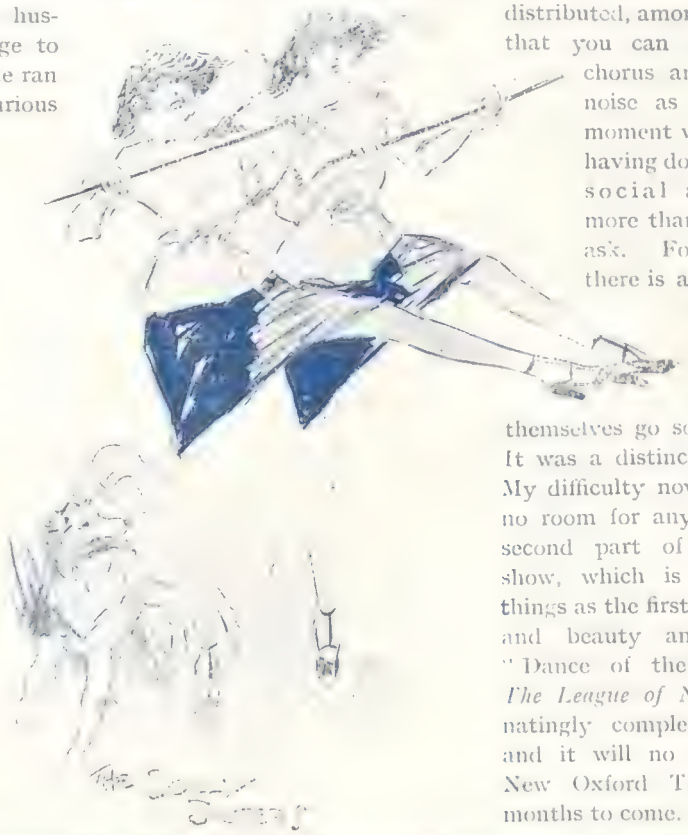
LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)



a bit of Guy de Maupassant. An old gentleman walking in the park suddenly meets a lady of about his own age. She has not seen him for forty years, but vows he has not changed very much. (Must have had monkey glands even in those days!) Forty years ago, he tells her, he had it in mind to persuade her to deceive her husband, but lacking the courage to proceed with the enterprise he ran away instead. He is now curious to know what her answer to the question would have been if he had put it; and she replies at once with a dainty tenderness that her answer would have been in the affirmative.

THE second story is a potted version of O. Henry's story of the husband and wife who conspire to give each other a Christmas present, and neutralise the value of the respective gifts by the sacrifices they make to procure them. As O. Henry tells the story, it is a rather pretty piece of pathos; but in the theatre it raises a laugh, which is I think a pity. But let us away to the next scene which is of very superlative charm indeed. We have the china Shepherd and Shepherdess, revolving in peaceful happiness on their clockwork base, and then who should come along but a lovely Temptress! The Shepherd, to the horror of his fair partner, climbs down from his pedestal and presents his homage to the new love, and then follows some very graceful dancing by Mr. Frank Parker and Miss Rita Lee. After which a lovely ballet drops in to fill up the corners, and the tasteful beauty of the effect as a whole is an education in itself. Next we have a song by Mr. George Rasely in which he declares that Love Will Never Die in such sweet and appealing tones that his blessed words must have quite put heart into some of the middle-aged maiden ladies who had rather given up hope. Then there is a sketch, entitled "Golf Clubs" with Mr. Bert Coote as chief laughter-maker. He is a young man who has just joined a golf club, and his interview in the club-house with a professional instructor is a wildly funny piece of work. I don't believe I would have laughed more if I had been on the Riviera.

AN amazing interlude is that supplied by Fortunello and Cirillino who do some quite amazing acrobatic "stunts." I had dined very prudently myself; otherwise the uneasy suspicion might well have been borne in upon me that I was looking upon what was not really there. This is followed by another splash of loveliness, called by the unlikely name of "Hell's Kitchen." It is supposed to be a basement somewhere in Soho, and here Russian dancers execute some marvellous evolutions surrounded by a bevy of ladies of rare beauty in costumes that must have cost heaps and heaps of money. It is in this scene that there is some remarkable parody-dancing by Miss Grace Christie, who hides her comely features behind quaint masks that are already the talk of Town. It is a delightful turn in every way since Miss Christie is not only the embodiment of grace as a dancer, but is a dainty humorist as well. (Let him keep his old Riviera. I don't care!)



THE first part of the show is brought to a close with a jolly song by Miss Helen Trix. It is called "Rat-tat-a-tat," because during the chorus Miss Trix bangs hilariously on a tambourine to punctuate her joyous words. To help the fun along numbers of tambourines are distributed among the audience, so that you can join in the wild chorus and make as much noise as you like for the moment without the risk of having doubt cast upon your social antecedents. And more than that we do not ask. For several minutes there is a melodious pandemonium, and it is a long time since I have seen my fellow-citizens let themselves go so whole-heartedly. It was a distinctly great occasion. My difficulty now is that I have no room for any comment on the second part of this remarkable show, which is as full of good things as the first; with its humour and beauty and its wonderful "Dance of the Silver Bubble." *The League of Notions* is a fascinatingly complete entertainment, and it will no doubt crowd the New Oxford Theatre for many months to come. JINGLE.

Pendant La Régate de Monaco

LE PORT DE MONACO

A charming view of the Port de Monaco, showing some of the yachts taking part in the racing

Photographs *E. Nairac and G. P. L.*

YACHTS JOCKEYING FOR POSITION BEFORE THE START OF A RACE

Yachting on the Riviera has quite regained its pre-war popularity, and the regattas are great events. Inset can be seen Mr. Houston's beautiful "Liberty," which is the object of much admiration by French sportsmen. Next to her is anchored Lord Furness' "Sapphire"

The Re

SOCIETY GOES TO MONTE CARLO TO RECUPERATE FR

est-Cure

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

ROM THE STRAIN AND EXCITEMENT OF THE SEASON

A Reminder

That the Sunshine of the South is outside the Casino Rooms

A CHARMING CAMEO OF PICTURESQUE VILLEFRANCHE

THE QUAINT OLD BRIDGE AT SOSPEL WITHIN EASY MOTORING DISTANCE OF NICE

A VIEW OF EZE, A DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED TOWN SITUATED ON ONE OF THE HIGH PEAKS OF THE ALPES-MARITIMES OVERLOOKING THE SEA

Some lesser known but picturesque views of the Côte d'Azur taken by Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., G.C.V.O.,

THE OLD TOWN OF MENTONE MAKES A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE UNDER THE "SOLEIL DU MIDI"

IN THE OLD TOWN OF NICE THERE ARE MANY PICTURESQUE OLD STREETS LIKE THIS

A MAGNIFICENT VISTA OF ROQUEBRUNE TAKEN FROM NEAR BON VOYAGE

to illustrate his new book, "The Riviera of the Corniche Road," to be published by Cassell's on February 17

BY FRANK H. MASON

MOTOR-BOAT RACING ON THE COTE D'AZUR

EVERY QUARTER OF AN HOUR

By DELL LEIGH. *Heading by FRANK R. GREY*

BAGOT had drifted down to the Riviera from the heights of Villars without much enthusiasm and with no set purpose. In the three classes of people who go to Monte Carlo in February he could scarcely be counted. He had not the gambling instinct in his composition. He did not want to loll about the Casino Promenade and be looked at by a thousand fashionable eyes, and to appear in the English illustrated papers as "Mr. Ernest Bagot and friend" taking a morning walk, in flannels. As for the sun and blue skies, there had been plenty of both in Switzerland. But he had smashed his best bob-sleigh; and a party of loud Americans had begun to monopolise the hotel, and what with one thing and another——. He had stayed a couple of days in Paris, chiefly to add to an enormous stock of silk shirts, and had then joined the steady trickle of smart humanity which invaded the South bound *wagon lits* nightly.

A woman swathed from head to feet in a curious fur that he didn't know, brushed past him in the narrow corridor and smiled a "*merci*" in a low voice. She appeared to be occupying the next sleeper, for presently he heard a man slide back her door and stand talking to her in the passage. Whiffs of conversation reached him in French, chiefly about the crowded state of the Monte hotels. Difficulties in this respect suddenly occurred to him; he had not booked anywhere, he never did. Presumably it was largely a matter of price, and that mattered little to him. He went into the corridor for a final cigarette as the train moved off, and saw a tall, obvious Englishman leaning against the lady's door.

"I suppose I shall get in somewhere?" he remarked casually. "I heard you say things were unusually difficult this season."

"Haven't you booked?" replied a cultivated voice. "Well, I only got into the Hermitage after a lot of bribery and corruption. But this lady," nodding towards her compartment, "tells me it can be done at the Palais, where she is staying, if you don't mind being high up, and at the back."

Bagot had taken the hint gratefully, and managed to bribe his way into quite a decent room on the fourth. The woman with the low, attractive voice was apparently occupying a large suite on the first. She had bowed gravely to him on the stairs; and the next evening he asked if he might be permitted to give her a lift to the Rooms—and there it was.

"Mrs. Pallière," she had said, "Oh no," laughing, "English *really*." But she had married a French husband. He had been killed defending Verdun; she had turned her head away as she said this, and he saw her fingers clench for a moment. Her travelling companion? Oh, a very old pal of hers. Quite a dear, but such an old bore. A Mr. Mansell by name. Thank goodness he was at the Hermitage and not the Palais—and again that delicious laugh.

Thus was the friendship born. Bagot, a cynic, cursed as he so often said, with too much money; hunted and harried by designing females; finding very little amusement in being loved for his purse alone, found in Margot Pallière, who seemed as indifferent about the wealth she obviously had as he was, a woman who attracted him strangely and strongly, and more so than any of those others who had flitted diaphanously across the retina of his memory these last twenty years.

She had admired tremendously, she said, his restraint at the tables. She gambled spasmodically, with little bird like swoops of a white hand at the eleventh hour on a chosen number. She rarely won, and never played high.

Bagot would stand behind her, staking heavily and infrequently, and had remarkably good luck nearly always. This would annoy her, and she would implore him, breaking into French volubly, to sit down and take it seriously, for being *en veine*, as he was, it

"EVERY QUARTER OF AN HOUR" (*concluded*)

was "*affreux*" "*incroyable*" that he did not follow his luck. She was even more attractive on these occasions, looking up with an appealing glance from deep violet eyes. The climax came one night when, having laid a large amount on 17, he had gone off to the American Bar for a drink and left his winnings on the number, an unconscious "double," which had all been swept away before her amazed eyes. When he came back she was gone. He knocked at the door of her sitting-room and found an angry woman who treated him with cold disdain for his imbecility.

Then it was that he broke the bonds of his reserve, and hers, and took her suddenly and dominatingly in his arms and said:

"Margot, what the devil does it matter? Can't you *see* that there is only one thing or person that attracts me here—and that is *you*?"

She had trembled violently as he held her, and pushed his pleading face away gently with both hands.

"Oh, Ernest dear, don't. I can't, not again—not . . . ." and then she had kissed him suddenly, and as suddenly commanded him to leave her.

"I want to think. Leave me alone—at once." And he had to go. She insisted.

The next day, Madame was *malade*," they told him, and could see no one.

He played moodily all the afternoon, and won a great deal of money.

Yes, he might come to tea. She received him rather coldly. "No, Ernest—please. Not yet." He told her he had won a lot of money, and produced a wad of thousand franc notes from an inner pocket to prove it.

She put an elastic band round them and pushed them back into his pocket.

"Listen, Ernest. I have got to go away. Yes, to Paris. I heard this morning, only. There are some stupid deeds to sign in connection with my husband's estate. Stupid man, of course I am coming back, in a few days, possibly. But you shall come and see me off. And then with these," tapping his pocket, "go and play, but carefully. Listen; an idea has come to me. When the clock reaches every quarter of the hour after ten, stake. I shall be thinking hard of you then, in the sleeper. Oh, yes, perhaps I *am* a foolish woman. But I have a strange presentment you will win much more. And then, when I come back, we will amuse ourselves——" She stopped, her hands on the lapels of his coat and looked up at him. "Yes, we will dine together to-night, the train goes at 9.30."

* * * * *

They pushed through the crowded station. Both were rather silent, she particularly. Frantic whistles began to blow.

"Remember," she said. "Every quarter after ten, with those, are those they?" tapping the bulging breast-pocket, "*avec soin alors, tu rappeles?*"

He nodded, looking hungrily at her.

"Yes, dear, you may."

He took her fiercely in his arms and held her close. Only as the train began to move did he leave her.

* * * * *

A man tapped on her door, "*C'est permi?*"

"*Oui, entrez.*" Mansell came quietly in and closed the door behind him.

"Got them?"

"With the greatest ease," replied the calm voice of a most accomplished criminal. "Moreover, he goes back through the crowd at the *guichet*—with his thoughts full of—er—other things. He will think his pocket has been picked, but not by me, *Oh, la la, jamais de la vie!*" and she laughed, softly.

"Oh, these turbulent Englishmen—how easy they are." She handed him a wad of notes in an elastic band. "About two thousand pounds, Harry, I believe."

"You are a wonderful woman," he replied, deferentially, sitting on the bed and proceeding to count them with a practised hand. D.L.

Photograph **DECIDEDLY "IN THE ROUGH"** *G.P.U.*

Mrs. Macintyre, the well-known Irish golfer, and her husband seem to have struck a stoney patch. The choice of a suitable club is likely to be difficult, indeed a trench mortar might be more appropriate than a mashie

Monte Carlo Reformed

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

PLAYING SNAP FOR FILBERTS

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin

"When I look at the newspapers in the mornings"

A RIVIERA MYSTERY

MES AMIS—

ONE has always told you that it is not possible for a person to be in two places at the similar time. Until I have become old enough to have an interest in the news from the Riviera I have always believed that. But the informations from the Côte d'Azur are, at this season of the year, a *défi quotidien* to this old-established belief. It is like this.

"The *ouvreuse* tells me"

WHEN I look at the newspapers in the mornings I read the names of the *gens du monde* who have been seen on the Riviera and what they have been seen to do. It is thus that I have learned how M. Excentrique, the *comédien Parisien bien connu*, may be seen at Nice to take his little walk along the Promenade des Anglais all the mornings. I am a tiny bit sorry to learn that because, although I am, of course, much pleased to know that M. Excentrique does go to benefit from the sunshine of the south, it is exactly for his theatre that I have bought the tickets for this night. I will there have to go to keep a promise, but I have the fear it means much disappointment to the lady friend I take. For I have so much told her how M. Excentrique is the *vrai fou rire*.

I AM torn between the choices of whether to tell to Yvette on the way, or to leave the misfortune to be found out, when I can excuse myself to explain that it is not the fault of me. It is the good luck that I make choice to keep the silence, for the *feux de rampe* do swiftly cast their gleams about the form of M. Excentrique himself. There is no possibility to mistake. It is no clever understudy. It is the "one and only" in the flesh and in the blood.

HOW to explain? The *ouvreuse* tells me M. Excentrique has not for once been absent from the play since it began. Then must it be that it is I who have the wrong? But if is strange. I have the feelings that I have not been deceived, but that most certainly it was of M. Excentrique that I have read how he has taken all the mornings (with the *dernier cri* in *Cannes*) his walk along the English promenade. *Alors?* I will be much more careful in the future.

BUT when I read, the morning after, the *mondanités* I have the little comfort to discover that it is not I who have error in the name. M. Excentrique is again recorded as among those seen to take the air yesterday morning by the Baie des Anges. Accompanied, the *chronique* states, by Madame Excentrique, who is, of course, much better known by that sweet-sounding name in which she long has starred, Mlle. Toujours Souriante.

(Continued on page 248)

"I am torn between the choices of"

To Tram or Not to Tram

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

OUTSIDE THE CASINO

Portrait of a gentleman trying to decide whether to go home by tram or try and make enough on the tables for a taxi

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

Mais non, Monsieur le mondainiste, c'est trop. But the last night I have seen Mlle. Toujours Souriante in the *foyer* of the theatre while M. Excentrique was on the stage. To say they are at Nice, to say the least, *c'est un peu exagéré. Mais pourquoi faire?* I sit and try to think it clear.

I READ again the latest list of *mondanités*, and soon I come to discover the name of M. Aquarelle, the most fashionable painter of the portraits. But in another column in the journal I have seen that yesterday he opens an exhibition of his works, and has very much explained about them to the critics. The *chasse* becomes most interesting. I take all the trouble to make what you call, I think, the "deadly parallel" to find the actors and the actresses, the artists and the *danseuses*, the society ladies and the *nouveaux riches industriels* who have triumphed over Nature's law to be in Paris and on the Côte d'Azur at the precisely similar time. The list, when I have finished, is quite long. And I can see by glancing at a few more journals that it is not difficult to make it longer.

IT has seemed a *mystère* that is worth the full investigation. So we have investigated at the proper time and place, which is the *heure d'apéritif* at the Frolics. There is not one who has not had his explanation. Dubois, who has a grudge against the newspapers since the *Petit Matin* has omitted his name from a list of *invités* to a Ministerial reception, has blamed it all on the reporters. "They do

"Mlle Toujours Souriante"

not know a *Président du Conseil* from the messenger of an Ambassador, or the wife of a Minister from his lady typist," he says. "And as they want to make the belief that they do know all the *gens du monde*, they just copy some names from the Society Notes in the old Paris papers." This way to view of Dubois has not found acceptance. All have seen that it is simply from his hatred of the Press.

YET it is La Garenne who, we all agree, has found the real key to this *mystère*, which has probably existed many years but we have only now discovered. La Garenne is a listener, not a talker, but he knows the little systems of the *haute monde* and the *arrivistes*. "What would you," he has said, "*ces gens-la* must be always running in the race of fashion. The *arrivistes*, they are not quite certain of the fashionable moment when they should be on the Côte d'Azur.

"SO, to make no *faux pas*, they let their Press agent announce that they are there. If anyone sarcastically remarks to them much later in the year that they were there before the real season has begun, they say, quite smartly, the announcement was a mistake, and produce a newspaper to show they were in Paris. And as for the *nouveaux pauvres*, who are aware but painfully well that if they could afford, this is the time they would arrive on the Riviera, they do not wish it known they can no longer meet the much-increased expenses. They get some old friend with influence to announce that they are there, and just trust they will not be compelled to prove it."

Sun-kissed Riviera. But what shades! ROLAND

Photograph "EATEN ALIVE?" *G. P. U.*

A famous Riviera restaurant this, the Roches Rouges, where lobsters are brought up from large sea-caves underneath the premises for your inspection, and boiled alive

Riviera Reflections

BY E. L. ROBERTS

[*An authority declares that "dear old Mentone might be Bath with a palm stuck in it."*]

WHEN busy flu-germs take their tolls
The well-to-do depart in shoals
From England's dreadful shore;
The South of France has sunlit seas,
Palms, flowers, "chance," a balmy breeze,
And millionaires galore.

BUT though the rain and sleet slops down
Bards must remain in London Town
To perpetrate new psalms—
In early Feb. they cannot pass
To Nice or Cannes because, alas!
They have no OIL for PALMS!

SKETCHES BY ALBERT BAILEY

A Shock to the "System"

BY ALFRED LEETE

THE MAN WHO HAD WORKED IT ALL OUT BEFOREHAND

SPORT on the Riviera

RACING ON THE RIVIERA
A general view of the finish of the Prix de Monte Carlo

Once Upon a Time

TWENTY years or so ago the well-informed man in the street, if asked about the Riviera, would have told you that it was a health-resort frequented by those who wished to escape the rigours of a winter of the type commonly experienced in England, and that its chief recreations were gambling and pigeon-snooting, which could both be had at a place called Monte Carlo. And he would not have been altogether wrong, though, perhaps, if he had been still better informed, he might have been able to add that people who were mad enough to want to play lawn tennis in the winter-time could play it quite enjoyably at Monte Carlo, Cannes, and one or two other places, if they were so minded. Had you told him that the Riviera was destined to become in time a very Mecca of sport he would probably have accepted your prophecy with the politeness which he invariably accords to the utterances of a harmless lunatic.

A Delectable Playground

AND yet that is, in fact, what the Riviera is now. Its season begins, roughly speaking, with the New Year, and lasts till April is well-nigh spent. In the course of it you can indulge to your heart's content in yachting, racing, polo, golf, lawn tennis, and other delights of *la vie au grand air*, with the added zest which invariably attends the enjoyment of delicacies which are not, strictly speaking, in season. Some may prefer to take their pleasure amid the ice and snow of Switzerland, but for those who look for their happiness to the ordinary recreations of summer and find the period of their fruition all too short, the Riviera is now the most delectable winter playground in Europe.

RACING NOTIONS

Steeplechasing at Nice

SOME of the most pleasant racing days I recall are those which were spent on the pretty race-course which is laid out by the crystal waters of the Var. From "Monte" or Nice it is a delightful run in the car to the meetings,

By "The Tout"

LORD ROCKSAVAGE
A likely candidate for International honours in polo. On the Riviera he indulges in alternate spasms of polo and lawntennis, at which he is also an adept

Photographs G. P. U.

MR. R. S. SIEVIER
Watching the racing from a coign of vantage on the Grand Stand

finishing along that glorious stretch known as the Promenade des Anglais. I do not think the recent racing at Nice has been quite so good as it was before the War, as there has been a marked paucity of good-class runners. Usually when you find a winner you have to be content with a very meagre return from the Pari-Mutuel. All the same, you enjoy racing under such delightful conditions. The crowd each Sunday is one of the gayest to be found in any land, as well as being extremely cosmopolitan. To one accustomed to steeplechasing in England the fences seem small and insignificant, but the horses are trained

LORD LANESBOROUGH

LORD NUNBURNHOLME

LORD ROSSLYN

Photographs *E. Navello*

LORD RENDLESHAM

CELEBRITIES OF THE PIGEON-SHOOTING WORLD

to take them practically in their stride, and our 'chasers would find themselves beaten for pace at the jumps by these nippy French performers. The crack horse of the meetings this year has been Coq Gaulois, whose quality you can gauge by the fact that he proved good enough to beat such champions as Troytown and Poethlyn in the big steeplechase at Auteuil last summer. I am sorry he has not been entered for the Grand National, for I am sure that with the requisite preparation he would have acquitted himself creditably at Aintree.

Home Affairs

HARKING back, for the moment, to the English side of the sport, all the talk in the racing world is now of the weights for the spring handicaps. The acceptances will be published soon after the appearance of these notes, so I will postpone a discussion of the prospects until next week. Meanwhile we are likely to have some very good sport at Sandown Park during the next few days. The Manchester meeting which precedes it should also produce interesting racing. I think you will do well to follow Coulthwaite's horses at Manchester, where he intends to give some of his horses their first outings this season. I am told that Novello and Milton are worth noting. Everything promises well for the Royal Army Service Corps meeting on Thursday. Entries are excellent all round, and the enthusiasm of the promoters of the fixture bids fair to be suitably rewarded. My selection for the Prince Albert Hurdle Race on Friday is **Double Bed,** while I expect **Ballyboggan** or his stable companion, Old Tay Bridge, to win the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase on the following day. "CARBINE"

POLO AT CANNES

The Galloping Game

THE charms of the Côte d'Azur in the height of its season are materially increased by the existence of the polo club at Mandelieu. Within easy reach of Cannes, the ground becomes the rendezvous of rank and fashion, and the delight of watching the galloping game in mid-winter is immensely appreciated. Last season polo at Cannes was revived under the management of "Rattle" Barrett, who is a born organiser and did the thing really well. Of course, there were not so many players as was the case before the War, but the revival on the whole was decidedly successful, and paved the way for a bumper season this year. Captain R. R. Smart, the well-known Cirencester player, is running the show this time, and has the support of a large number of English as well as Continental players. The Duc de Guiche is still the ruling spirit of the club, which makes excellent arrangements for the transport and accommodation of ponies. Lord Rocksavage will be the best player at Cannes. He divides his time between lawn tennis and polo, but intends to get all the practice he can in the latter game in view of the coming International matches at Hurlingham. A.W.C.

Photograph *G.P.U.*

MISS EDWINA ASHLEY

Granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, driving from the first tee of the Mont Agel Golf Course at Monte Carlo

LAWN TENNIS

A Distinguished History

LAWN tennis on the Riviera dates back to those early days when the famous twin brothers, William and Ernest Renshaw laid the foundation stone of its present popularity, and its history has ever since been punctuated with the names of some of the world's greatest players. The courts of the Hotel Beau Site, at Cannes, were the Renshaws' favourite rendezvous and thither they would repair with their great rival, H. F. Lawford, and other kindred spirits to get into trim for the forthcoming campaign in England. At that time there were only a few open tournaments of which the chief were those of Cannes Monte Carlo and Nice, but nowadays there is a continual succession of them lasting from the first week of January to the last of April, and several places hold more than one; Cannes is responsible in the course of the four months for no fewer than nine.

The Indispensable "Pro"

ONE of the advantages of the Riviera as a lawn tennis centre is that it abounds during the season in professional

Photograph *E. Navello*

SIR L. WORTHINGTON EVANS

Finds a welcome relief from the cares of statesmanship in a round of golf at Mandelieu

instructors, and, as it is now understood that there is nothing so good for the novice as a course of lessons from a "pro," their services are in great request. They also take part in exhibition games, and early in January at Beaulieu they had a competition amongst themselves which was won by R. Acquarone, commonly known as "Romeo," who is attached to the Nice club.

La Belle Suzanne

But for the onlooker the chief attraction, of course, is the play of the great little lady-champion, Mlle. Lenglen, whose skill is so exceptional that there are not a very great many men in the world who could beat her, although the ardent admirer who at Wimbledon last year put the number down at six was guilty of profuse, if pardonable, exaggeration. On the Riviera, Mlle. Lenglen is, figuratively, on her native heath; her home is at Nice, and she learnt to become an expert player, while still quite a child, on the courts of the Côte d'Azur, whose denizens are naturally very proud of the prowess of their countrywoman.

MISS E. RYAN

The next best lawn-tennis player after Mlle. Lenglen on the Riviera

GOLF

Science and Scenery

I have heard it said, paradoxically, that the chief drawback of the golf courses of the Riviera are their beauty. Until you get used to them you are very apt to be distracted by the scenery from the stern duty of keeping your eye on the ball. This is disastrous because for all their picturesqueness these courses are by no means of the easy type; they are testing enough to satisfy the requirements of the most exigent. The favourites are Mont Agel at Monte Carlo, which is 6,000 feet above sea-level, and perhaps the most picturesque of all; Mandelieu at Cannes; Cagnes at Nice, and Hyères. All have their special features, and on all of them you must know more than a little about the science of the game.

YACHTING

The Sailorman's Paradise

The lovely waters of the Côte d'Azur seem to have been destined by nature for the special delectation of the yachtsman, and the fleet of yachts of all rigs and sizes, from the ocean-going steam-yacht down to the smallest "rater," would not disgrace the Solent in the height of our own yachting season. The chief racing centres are at Monaco, at Nice, where are the headquarters of the Cercle de Méditerranée, and at Cannes. On this page is illustrated the start of a race for one of the smaller classes of the type which is so popular with Corinthian sailormen of all nations. H. S. S.

Photograph *E. Navello*

THE START OF A RACE FOR ONE-TONNERS AT MONACO

The racing among the small fry of the Yachting world on the Côte d'Azur provides excellent sport, and is pursued with as much zest as it is round our own coasts

Photographs *G.P.U.*

MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN

Who can barely remember the last occasion on which she was beaten in Singles by a player of her own sex

Photograph *E. Navello*

"ROMEO" (left) AND NÉGRO

Two professionals, well-known on the Riviera. "Romeo," whose real name is Acquarone, is "stationed" at Nice, and Négro at Cannes

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 31

DEAR COUSIN—

IT'S just a shade galling sometimes to be in England now, when other people seem to be having such lovely times in other climes. Still winter-sporting, some of them, and drinking in daily great draughts of the clear champagne-like air of the Alps and basking in a sun that cheers *and* inebriates, spite of a thermometer many degrees below zero. Not to mention all the sparkling joys of lugeing and ski-ing and bobbing amid crisp white snow or skating, utterly care-free, on rinks that are circled and sheltered by the eternal, peaceful mountains of the great winter holiday land.

"The shorter the dress and lower the neck of bodice"

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OR—and these are pleasures which will last longer—fairly wallowing in the fascinations of the Côte d'Azur, where the skies are a deep, deep blue and the golden light glitters and flickers on the dancing waves . . . and other lights glitter, too, on men and women who dance by day and night. Never, they say, has there been such a Riviera season within the memory of man (though certainly man's memory is, perhaps fortunately, rather short), and, anyway, the crowd at Cannes, Mentone, Nice and Monte Carlo is at least three times as big as it was last year.

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THIS week as ever is, there are carnivals and battles of flowers going on at Nice and other places—the first for six years—with the usual reckless throwing about of confetti and all the rest of it which is one of the chief and most alluring raptures of this kind of show. Though not with *quite* such a charm of novelty, perhaps, to English visitors this time as in old days, now that we've so thoroughly established, as one of our own dance-club institutions, promiscuous pelting of all and sundry with innumerable pellets of celluloid or other innocuous missiles. Always helps to break the ice, anyway, doesn't it, and even, I'm told, *has* been known to serve almost as well as a formal introduction.

"That they call 'civil guards'"

AND always on the alluring Riviera menu, of course, there's golf and hard-court lawn tennis (with the wonderful and acrobatic Suzanne Lenglen as star-in-chief) and yachting and polo, and—

"The alluring Riviera"

certainly not least—the infinite and all-devouring attraction of the "tables." Baccarat, roulette, chemmy, *trente et quarante*—you can play them all without fear or favour or excuse, and even lose at all of them with hardly a feeling of guilt, so great and potent is the power of atmosphere and surroundings. Whereas at home. . . . Must say I do think a little trip to the Riviera for some of our "vice"-denouncing Bishops and people wouldn't be altogether a bad plan—if only just to show 'em how standards of "vice," and virtue, have a way of varying with even a very slight change of scene. And if only they themselves could be tempted to play at the tables, *and* win——!

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SOME comfort, though, at any rate, in the fact that anyway one Bishop, he of Nice, has absolutely refused point blank to condemn "modern" dancing or to say that any of us wear too few clothes. Comfort, I mean, for well-wishers (like you and me) of the aforesaid clerics, who some people had been hinting were rather a bit inclined to get almost just a little *too* conservative and timid these peace days, admirably and wonderfully and boldly as they led the nation in wartime, what?

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YET another expert, by the way, has just ventured to declare that our present-day frocks are the sanest

(*Continued on page 256*)

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"THE most remarkable thing about it is the mileage I get out of the tyres. On the front wheel I have a Dunlop grooved cover that was originally on the back wheel. It still looks good for a couple or three thousand miles yet. I have now put Michelin 'cable' tyres on the back wheels, which appear to be doing very well. It is a surprise to me to get 8 to 10,000 miles per tyre on a heavy car like this. I may say that a friend of mine here with a new 1920 touring—— has never done more than 1,500 miles on a tyre. How is this to be accounted for?" H—G—. Ref. T.F. 716.

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"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

since the dawn of so-called civilisation and "the shorter the dress of the female and the lower the neck of her bodice, the greater her moral influence and her tendency to health." And, to cap it all, a bold Canon has actually dared to throw the gravest doubt on the whole long-cherished story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden! Whatever *are* we coming to? I ask you.

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CERTAINLY the world does seem to be rather in the melting-pot just now. And fearfully momentous conferences started this last week to deal, from different points of view, with the destiny thereof. The Labour meeting in London for one, where they've been debating on the great question of what the Trade Unions and people are going to do about unemployment and strikes and all the rest of it. And, meanwhile, in Paris, Sir David Lloyd George (as they call him over there), and his staff of fifty or so indispensables, busily discussing the Hun payments to the Allies—which, of course, in the usual Hun manner, they're trying very hard to shuffle out of, but I do hope won't be allowed to.

"Must go forth for a walk with dragon dogs"

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AFTER all, they started the War—and incidentally killed a million or so of our very best and dearest. They also committed atrocities which even the most enthusiastic of our pro-Huns haven't even yet been able to explain away. They showed themselves bullies of the worst kind when things went well for them, and cowardly whiners when things went wrong. They are whining now and begging to be let off lightly as a poor, half-starved nation struggling against adversity and trying hard to lead a new and better life, and so on.

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AND in the meantime in Berlin they are giving £10,000 dances, and German manufactures are simply pouring into England at prices which we can't possibly compete with. While France and Belgium were devastated by their guns, Germany remained almost untouched—thanks to our kind forbearance—and is paying less than one-seventh of the taxes that have fallen on our own unhappy heads. And all the time, as Foch himself has pointed out, they are keeping any amount of big guns and an army that they call "civil guards," and an air force which is as strong as ever, if not more so. *Did* we really win the War? And if so, why?

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MUST leave you now, dear cousin, and go forth for a walk, with dragon dogs—

Into the wind and the sunshine,
Into the beautiful world . . . .

These January and February days after all have their charm, even here in England, especially when Spring makes a slight and excusable error and arrives before he's expected. And already for weeks now the first primulas have been blooming in my garden with quite a plausible air of being in their due and proper time.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

Photograph] OUTSIDE THE CASINO, MONTE CARLO *[Alfieri*

Having rushed out to the Riviera in search of sunshine, the correct thing to do, apparently, when you arrive, is to rush out of the sunshine into the shade of the Casino

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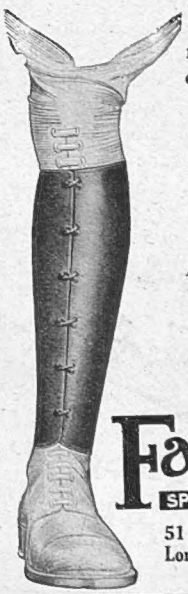

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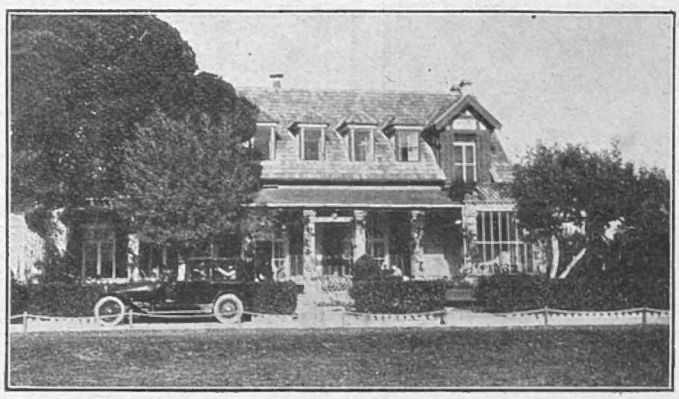
MOTOR-NOTES

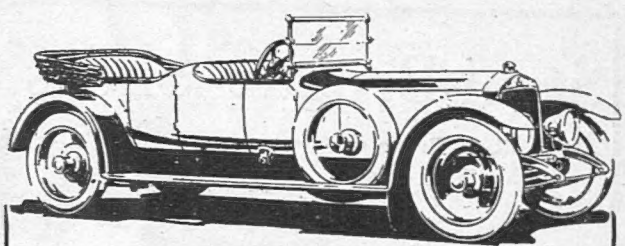
WHEN Parliament re-assembles after its vacation there are two measures that concern motorists which are likely to be discussed and, with luck, placed upon the Statute Book. The first is the Restriction of Imports Bill, and the second is the new Motor-Car Bill. As usual, the former is an omnibus-sort of measure referring to various trades and industries. At the moment the aeroplane, motor-car, air-ship, and submarine end of it is the need to conserve the British magneto, which, in the past, the Germans had the practical monopoly, and are at present dumping in at £3 10s. what the English work-people charge £12 to make here. Fortunately, Mr. Lloyd George himself in the early days of the War realised the necessity of making the magnetos a "key" industry, but as "heaven helps those that help themselves," I am very glad to see that the fourteen British manufacturing firms that build magnetos in this country are all pulling together to see that this vital component of our national safety is included in the Bill, however much they are in competition among themselves in the sale of their own particular make. That's how it should be, but all you motorists and air travellers have also got to do your bit and jolly well see that you have English mags. on your 'buses, and not under any circumstances fit the Bosch.

* * *

WHICH reminds me, as the after-dinner speaker usually remarks, of a pretty little War story in this connection that came to light the other evening from the lips of the Hon. Member for Coventry, our David and the then P.M. Asquith being *particeps criminis*. England at the beginning of the War was sorely put to find enough magnetos to equip her motors with for land, sea, and air. Germany was also hard up for rubber tyres, so, incredible as it may seem, we actually exchanged a pair of rubber tyres for their cash value with a Bosch magneto thrown in as a make-weight from the Germans. Of course, this trading between two enemies was done through a neutral country, but as a fact both Governments were perfectly cognisant of the deals which were done on their behalf. As Mr. Clement Edwards, M.P., remarked, "it was a scandalous thing that such a transaction should have ever taken place, but this country ought never to be allowed to be put in such a position again," and every patriot will agree with him. "Never no more," quoth the parrot—or was it a raven?—but that can only come true provided magnetos are made a "key" industry for the next five years at least. OLD HY.



Photograph GOLF CLUB DE CANNES *E. Navlo*



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